

18, 1913

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Life

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A WARM HEART

LIFE

205



Combining Their Knowledge, Processes, and
Manufacturing Methods, These Four Famous
Tire Factories Have Made United States Tires
the Most Popular Tires in the World

The Pre-eminence of United States Tires Has Been Established by
an Ideal Manufacturing Policy Unique in the Automobile World

The scope of this four-factory co-operative policy and its efficiency is shown day in and day out by the fact that United States Tires dominate the automobile world.

The world's largest rubber company stands back of these famous tires.

Retained by this enormous manufacturing organization are men whose reputations are international and whose skill and genius used in conjunction with the four-factory co-operative methods have made the United States Tires the Standard for mileage—tire economy—real tire satisfaction.

In the history of the motor vehicle no one industrial move has meant so much to the true lovers of the automobile. As one instance, — witness the birth of those "Aristocrats of the Road" — the "Nobby Tread" and "Chain Tread"

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United States Tires

Made by the
Largest Rubber Company in the World

On Life's Wire

HELLO, LIFE?"

"Yes. This is LIFE."

"New Zealand speaking."

"Oh, by jove, New Zealand. How are all those interesting experiments of yours coming along?"

"As nice as you please, LIFE. What do you know about them?"

"Only what we've heard and read. They certainly are interesting to read about. Let's see, you have government ownership of the railroads and postal telegraphs and telephones and—and—"

"And parcel post."

"Oh, but we've got that now."

"Yes, but yours is more of an imitation than anything else."

"Fie, New Zealand! Don't twit us."

"Pardon, LIFE. Didn't mean to strike you in a sensitive spot."

"That's all right. And then you have compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, and something that works like the single tax—and old age pensions."

"And stringent regulations against child labor. That would please you."

"It certainly would, New Zealand. And let's see, what else?"

"Well, we have arrangements whereby the government will furnish fire and life insurance at reasonable rates. The effect of this has been to keep down the charges of the private companies. And we did the same thing as to coal. Our divine coal operators can't boost the price of

Crowds

"A good book to keep at the head of your library list till you get it."—Life.

Crowds

"Here is a man who has put his dream into words that tell of the fears, desires, and expectations of The People, that analyze the very genius of democracy, and that point the way to bettering things. In short, this wonderful book, which says hopeful things wittily and scathing things fearlessly, tells you how to save the world."—London Sketch.

Crowds

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"As a thought-compelling medium it is a supreme triumph. It has new thoughts oddly expressed, strangely coordinated and warm with human interest—thoughts that become your own the moment you assimilate them, and that somehow have the effect of making you better acquainted with yourself."—Denver Times.

By Gerald Stanley Lee

Net \$1.35

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Underground Garbage Receiver

NO FLIES. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
Operates with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct
from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
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Lord Elgin



IGOROUS, indeed, are the tests which prove the Elgin to be the masterwatch. So final are the proofs that 40,000 leading jewelers—Elgineers—men of unquestioned reputation, unconditionally command it to you. These men, by close association with all makes of watches, know the sturdy construction and faithful service of the Elgin.

The Elgin Watch

By all means, interview the Elgineer near you, and get the benefit of his experience and expert advice.

LORD ELGIN (illustrated above) is a specialized product of the World's Greatest Watch Works. Extremely thin. It contains latest devices for keeping perfect time. Ask your Elgineer to show it to you.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

Elgin, Illinois.



coal every day or two. Government competition is too threatening."

"That must be a great comfort to the consumers. Most everything that happens over here causes an increase in the price of coal."

"Yes, I've heard about it, LIFE. And then you know the government lends money to artisans and farmers at exceedingly low rates."

"Isn't that pretty hard on the financiers? How can they build up the country without high interest rates?"

"Don't know, LIFE. Your government doesn't lend money, does it?"

"Well, not in so many words, New Zealand. Our government is very fond of borrowing money, however. Of course, we do deposit large sums with the bankers, and in some cases charge them a little. That's different, isn't it?"

"I think it is, LIFE. That seems to be a way of putting out money where it will do the least good."

"Surely, New Zealand, you could not have read the learned treatises which the financiers have sent forth, else you would not talk in that strain."

"Perhaps not, LIFE. But, seriously, why don't you go in for some of the reforms which have helped to keep my slums down to the minimum?"

"It is too long a story to give you over the phone, but here's just a hint: It is on account of the widows and orphans."

"Of consumers?"

"Mercy, no! The widows and orphans of the stock and bond holders of the trusts."

"Perhaps you got started wrong, LIFE."

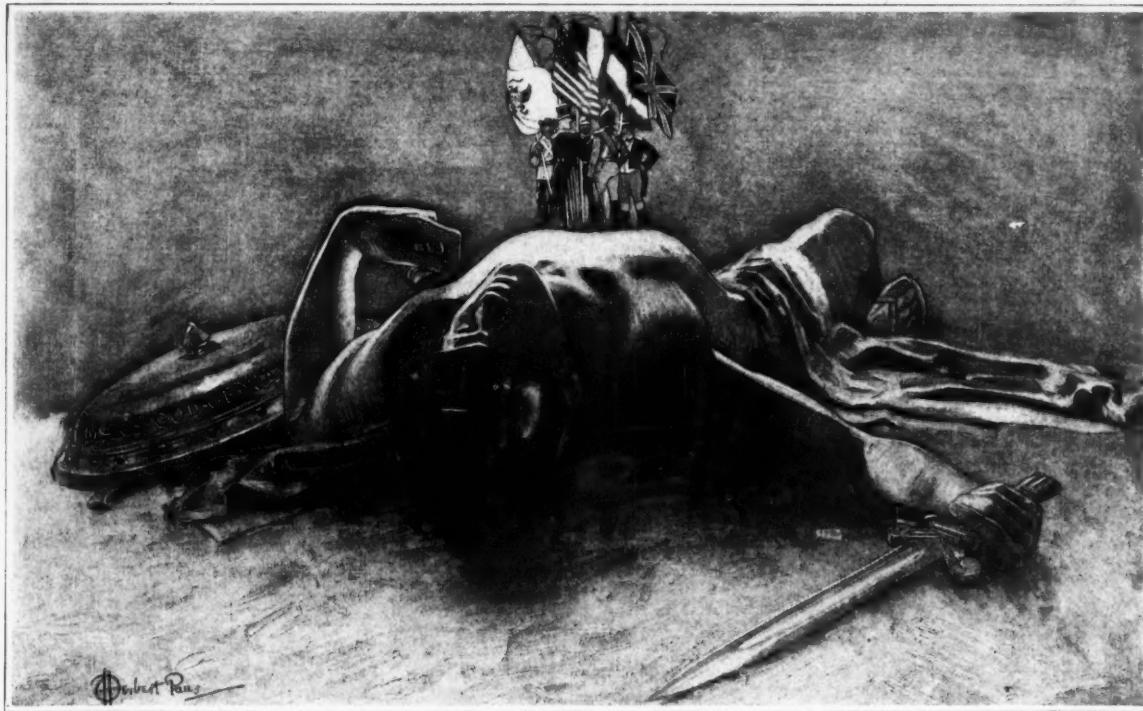
"What! How could such a wonderful place as America get started wrong?"

"No offense, LIFE. Good-bye. I'll call you up later."

"Good-bye, New Zealand. We wish you many happy reforms."

Ellis O. Jones.

Copr. Life Pub Co.



Is the War God Passing?

The War Number of

Life

ISSUED NEXT WEEK, WILL CONTAIN OPINIONS BY MANY OF THE LEADING CITIZENS OF THE WORLD ON THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER UNIVERSAL PEACE WILL COME WITHIN THE NEXT ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

**EVERY TUESDAY
EVERWHERE
TEN CENTS**

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

OBEY THAT IMPULSE

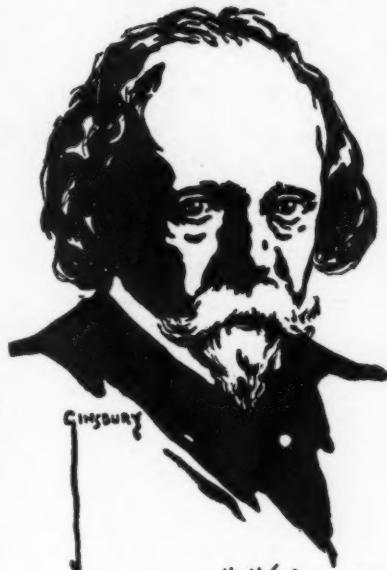
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Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31st St., New York. 26

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

H A L L CAINE'S



Greatest Novel

The Woman Thou Gavest Me

Being the story of Mary O'Neill

CAUGHT ON A FLOOD OF SUCCESS
NOW IN ITS THIRD LARGE PRINTING

THIS wonderful romance is now being read and discussed in every community of consequence. It is the Book of the Year,—one of those rare novels which appeals to people in every walk of life. The startling revelations of Mary O'Neill form a love story for all the world and for all time, in which Hall Caine has presented a remarkable analysis of the modern marriage. It reveals the relation of Man to Woman from the Cradle to the Grave.

AT ALL BOOK STORES
Price \$1.35 Net. Postpaid \$1.50
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Proof Positive

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called:

"Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for ye would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."—*Tit-Bits*.

Who Killed Simplicity?

(Simplicity was dead, and all the low brows and other distant friends had gathered to do him honor)

"I," SAID the Banker, "with my masses of figures and my political wire pulling, and my throwing of dust into the faces of the newspaper editors. I killed Simplicity."

"I," said the New Thoughtist, "with my vague generalities and my mysterious mumblings, and my appeal to the multitude to give something for nothing. I killed Simplicity."

"We did it," said the Post-Impressionist, the Futurist and the Cubist, "with our psychologically subjective idea which prevents us from calling a spade a spade, drawing a spade a spade, or writing a spade a spade; instead of which we convey the idea in a manner which nobody can understand. We killed Simplicity."

"I did it," said Pragmatist, "with my pragmatic prognostications and my transcendental musings, not to mention my teleological tergiversations. I killed Simplicity."

"I did it," said the Newspaper, "with my interminable column, continued from one page to another, and my chaotic mass of heterogenous and inchoate rottenness, so that nobody could wade through it without getting all tangled up and inextricably shackled



Around the old oak table the choice of sturdy pioneers always was smooth, mellow

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

Today this grand old whiskey holds pride of place because the honest quality and excellence enjoyed by our grandfathers always has been maintained since those early days.

Distilled and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



PHOENIX SILK HOSE

provides the quality that good judgment demands, the economy that prudent purses exact

Made of the very finest pure-dye thread silk procurable, Phoenix Silk Hose possesses the perfect shapeliness, exquisite lustre and soft, clinging texture that is so much desired, yet its cost is low and its service wonderful.



In distinctive
4-pair boxes.
All colors and
weights.

Ask your dealer
to show you
Women's Phoenix
Silk Hose
No. 404. The
best \$1 Silk
Hose of its kind
ever produced

There is no
longer a "silk
hose season"—

twelve months in the year well-dressed people enjoy the luxury of silk hose—and no single factor has contributed more to make this condition possible than Phoenix Silk Hose.

Men's 50c, 75c, \$1.00 Pair
Women's, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 Pair

Phoenix Double-Knit Silk Hose for Men and Women, an exclusive Phoenix idea for cold weather—pure silk with a lisle lining for warmth.

At the best shops everywhere.

"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
234 Broadway, Milwaukee

with typography. I killed Simplicity."

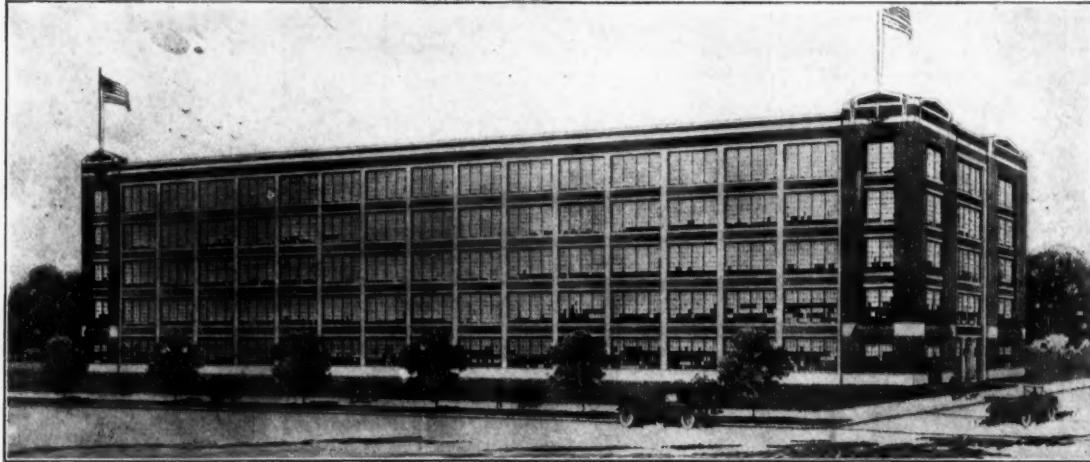
P. S.—"Whoever did it," said Simplicity, "one thing is certain—I am dead all right."

THERE are some men who are fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever upon their legs; didappers, whom, if you had stripped naked and thrown over Westminster bridge, you might meet on the very next day, with bag-wigs on their heads, swords by their sides, laced coats upon their backs, and money in their pockets.—C. C. Colton.

GRAY & DAVIS

STARTING - LIGHTING SYSTEM

Demand for this system compelled us to build this new factory—with six times our former capacity



The new Gray & Davis factory—devoted exclusively to the production of starting-lighting systems

This is another Gray & Davis year

During the present season 32 automobile manufacturers are equipping their cars with the Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System. These cars range in price from \$1075 to \$5500.

This widespread confidence is justified by the record made by the system in actual use on various makes of cars, operated under every conceivable condition of roads and weather.

Briefly, two years of active service has proved that it—unfailingly starts the largest

six-cylinder motor, even in the coldest weather.

—spins the engine fast enough to fire on magneto—or when battery is 70 per cent. below normal.

—is easy to operate. One touch of the foot on a pedal starts your car. The only attention required is fresh water in the battery and occasional lubrication.

—has ample reserve power to meet emergencies or unusual conditions.

—will prevent backfiring and preignition.

—will carry your car out of danger if stalled on tracks or in traffic.

With the Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System there are no complicated electrical controls—just a simple switch. The wiring is simple, heavily armored and of advanced design. It is light in weight, economical of fuel, and will outlive any car in which it is installed.

Look for the Gray & Davis System on your new car.

We will be pleased to send catalog on request

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos and Electric Starters



THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CHAPTER



A Snug Little Corner in Love

YOU may rail at the combines and wicked old trusts,
That have cornered the good things of earth,
Till we're living on water just moistened with crusts,

And we weigh less and less 'round the girth!
But there's one little maid who has put up the bars
And has fenced herself in, hand and glove,
And there, with blush-roses and starlight and pearls,
She has cornered the market in Love!

*There are corners in corn, there are corners in wheat;
(How I wish I had You in a corner, my Sweet!)
There are corners in trade, in all markets and marts—
But the cruellest of all is a corner in hearts!*

King Solomon cornered much wisdom and gold,
And also a thousand of wives;
What priv'leges had those good Christians of old!—
They'd no autos, yet made some fast drives.
But harems may flourish and monarchs may reign,
And bidders may elbow and shove,
If only you'll kiss me once, just once again,
In our snug little corner of Love!

*There are corners in corn, there are corners in wheat;
You may hear the bears growl and the little lambs bleat.
There are corners in trade, in each market and mart—
Ah, I ask but a corner in your little heart!*

Arthur Powell.

LIFE



THE GREAT HYPNOTIST

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"While there is Life there's Hope"
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Bldgs., London, E. C.

OWING to Mr. Martin's absence in Europe, readers of LIFE will be deprived of his editorials during the next few issues.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1912, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-six years. In that time it has expended \$139,304.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 34,748 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,557.50
"In memory of R. B. K.".....	5.00
Elsa and Roger Richards.....	6.00
"Barney"	10.00
Mrs. Howard H. Henry.....	5.90
"A Friend"	25.00
	<hr/>
	\$6,609.40

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

From Mr. Morris Gottlieb, Ridgefield, Conn., donation of new clothing and hats from his store.

Four flannel gymnasium skirts, nine blouses, and ten tennis racquets from Alex Taylor & Co., New York City.

Life's War Contest

THE announcement of the winner of LIFE'S War Contest will be published in next week's issue.

The Nervous System

THE nervous system rises in the medulla oblongata and from thence flows rapidly in a general southerly direction into the mountains and valleys of the organism, winding gracefully around those parts of the skeleton where it can cause the most trouble, and branching out into highways and byways where, as the Irishman once observed, "the hand of man has never trod."

The nervous system makes its own flora and fauna as it goes along and hums merrily to itself as it performs its daily work, sometimes sitting up far into the night to complete its labors. Nothing, indeed, pleases a nervous system more than to keep busy. Therefore, at least here in America, no self-respecting nervous system sits with its hands folded and looks off dreamily over the distant landscape, dotted with sanitariums and advertisements; but every nervous system worthy of the name is up with the lark—or before—planning the duties of the day, practicing throwing to first base, and in fact, warming up for its coming battle.

There was a time when nervous systems were content to loll around and do nothing; indeed, they were so unambitious as scarcely to be known. Now they support whole families of celebrated bacteriologists and pathologists and have furnished an additional topic of conversation—one of the greatest benefits anyone can confer on mankind. Every country, in

deed, is now known as civilized in accordance with the number and extent of its available nervous systems.

Every nervous system when young should be watched over carefully, until it is strong enough to toddle by itself; it should then be taken to the city where it can grow up in congenial surroundings and become properly educated.

The best diet for a nervous system is a proper combination of noise and alcohol. Apply in increasing doses until the desired results are obtained.



Farmer: GEE WHIZ—THAT'S A

DANDY!

Painter: YOU LIKE IT, EH?

"YOU BET! YOU'LL NEVER GET SUN-STROKE WITH THAT ON."



PRIVATES OF INDUSTRY

A Modern Wonder

WE learn from the *Times* that Dr. Alexis Carrel has been improving his technique.

"In one case all the vital organs of a cat were kept apparently normal, the heart beating, the stomach and intestines digesting food, and the liver secreting its juices for more than half a day after the death of the cat from which it was taken."

This is a great discovery, and will be hailed with delight by thousands of people all over the world. Think of the great benefit to science, not to mention the human race, to know that you can keep your internal organs going after you are dead!

Charity

CHARITY begins at home, and often ends there. It is usually divided into two kinds, namely, public and private. Public charity consists of a salaried office force and a subscription list. Private charity is what we give when we don't know what to do with the surplus.

There is also a species of charity known as genuine. Inasmuch, however, as it is never advertised in the newspapers, scarcely anything is known about it.

THE teaching of sex hygiene consists in telling a ten-year-old what it already knows.



He: WE HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE SCRAP.
"AND I CAME OUT AHEAD."
"NO. I DID. YOU ACCEPTED MY APOLOGY."

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

When will Lady-Fashions Get Ashamed of Themselves?



To Editor "Life" or who-ever prints it,

DEAR SIR:—

Of lately I have been studying American style of fashions for ladies, so I shall know your civilization from both ends. It are a very hard science to chase and in doing so I annexed my acquaintance to Miss Alice Furaoki, to who I shall become engaged when divorced. This sweet-hearted Japanese school-girl dress so similar to American actresses you cannot tell her from white lady, except when you look at her.

Last Satday eve, p. m., when I was accomplishing her down street for see emotion-picture show, price roc, I felt very Vanderbiltish to walk so near to Newport dressmaking. My eye hooked itself to her clothing and remained there till—O sudden!—I observe what was. I blushed entirely yellow.

"Excuse, please, Hon. Miss Sweet-heart," I gollup. "Your dressmake has axidentally forgot to sew up the ankle of your skirt so I observe something deranged."

"What derangement do you ob-serve?" she require with Vassar eyebrows.

"Not sure," I stotter. "It seems to resemble the biceps of your hosiery."

"That biceps is situated where it usually is," she otter clamly like an ice box.

"Should it be ashamed?" I ask shockly.

"It are style," she decry, "and style are never ashamed. Togo, why should you stand there gasping like Queen Victoria seeing Paris? This garments I are wearing are called a gashed skirt and is now very favorite at Newport, and Jewport, on Fifth & Sixth Avenues. Queen Mary of London wore one (very slightly) while giving Ice Cream Social to Knights of the Garter. In Paris it were even more so, as usual. Two French countesses from Minne-

apolis appeared tired out in this costume at Long Chumps race-course and everybody was so asphyxiated by charm they forgot to lose their money."

"Horses must feel very slow when racing against such style," I report nervely. "I am alarmed to think to where fashions will jump to nextly."

"More will soonly explode from Vienna where a gentleman-dressmake have invented a dress all of glass," she narrate with smiling eyebrows. "It will be worn in beautiful green shades."

"Green shades are necessary to pull down sometimes when you are living in glass clothing," I say so for Elbert Hubbard smartness.

Miss Furaoki make no intellectual reply, so we arrive inside emotion-picture show to see that noiseless opera. I think I shall marry her sooner than ever.

Mr. Editor, Hon. Anthony Comestop and other celebrated purities is continuously complaining because female ladies is becoming too much seen in public places. Women is becoming too brave and their skirts too shrinking. Hon. Comestop, who are not so strong as he were before he took up modesty as a business, fainted 2½ times when he seen photos of Lady Bluff-Gorgon's latest style-simphony entitled "Spring Twilight" and he have ordered entire U. S. Army to encamp

at Custom House to stop it when she send over Fall-style walking-suit called "September Morn."

Considerable ministers, judges and boss policemen has been talking like angry uncles to ladies because of the increasing decrease of their clothing. I read in news-print last week how Hon. Judge Killjoy of Salem, Mass, wish to burn all witches under 27 years of age for bewitching gentlemen by the clothes they don't wear. Last week he order Hon. Police to grabb all ladies wearing dangerous skirts, but Hon. Police were too lazy to arrest entire female population, so he brought Village Belle into court, because she looked most so.

Hon. Judge observe that lady's clingstone appearance and put on eye-spectacles, because must see careful.

"Mrs Madam," he report legally like Hon. Taft, "I are not astonished that there are such delicious quantities of Cubist artists in this generation. They are the only artists which can paint modern ladydress so it conceals them sufficiently."

"Do you not like what I got on?" she require.

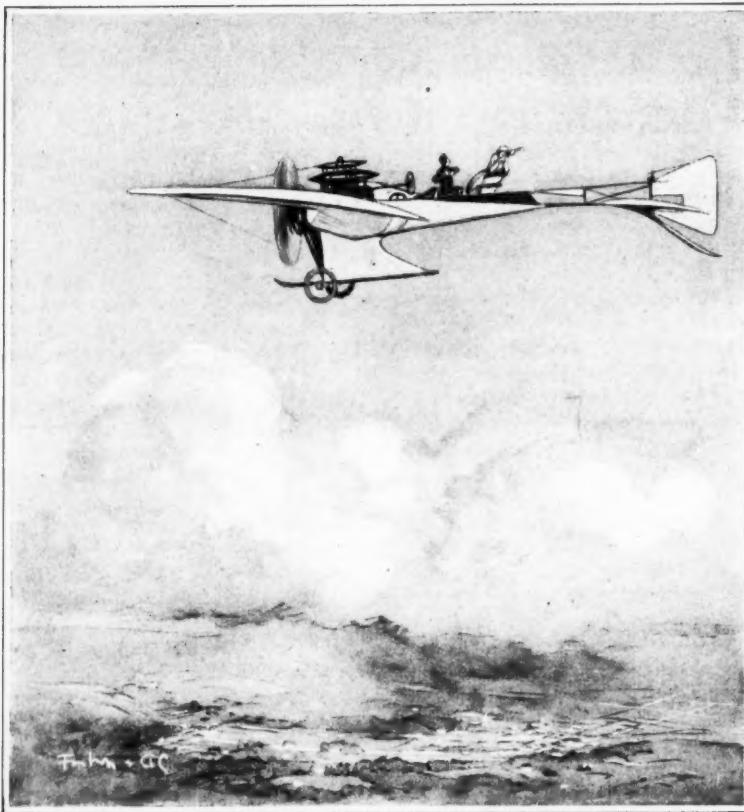
"I do not object to such smallish matters," he neglige. "It is for the absent that I mourn."

"I are dressed in style," she dib feminitely.

"You are dressed in very little else,"



"Do you not like what I got on?" she require."



"NO. I'M SORRY, BUT I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE. AND NOW
LEAVE ME. I WISH TO BE ALONE."

he legalize. "I should die of shames if I should see my Wife promenading in street clad in such a lack."

"I do not blame you," she snagger snubbiishly. "I once saw your Wife in bathing suit and can sympathize with you."

Hon. Judge feel considerable contempt of court for this remark, yet he could not hang her, because her style had not killed anybody yet.

"Who is it buys the purchase of your wardrobe, such as is?" he ask to know.

"My husband," she pronounce.

"I shall arrest him for failure to provide," he renig hashly. So he lock up court in time to go codfish.

Mr. Editor, numberous reformers is making weep-voice because ladies is coming out in worse & worse. Yet I are less alarmed. Styles is like other forms of advertisement—they are made

to create look-at, and when this stop, they stop also. Ladyfashions is always worse than formerly, yet never so bad as they was. If you think 1913 is hideolous, look at 1880; if you think that ugliferous, observe 1870. Before the Uncivil War considerable preachers made considerable shock because ladies wore their lingeries next to their shoes. In reign of Gen. Arthur gentlemen enjoyed much sorrow because ladies wore their skirts in Psyche knots behind their backs. And now they create peev because ladies does not wear sufficiently enough anywhere.

At what periodical time of civilization have not mankind scolded lady-kind for something she took on or put off? You would think from how they act that gentlemen must detest ladies for looking so homely. Yet suicide, divorce & population increases annu-

Legs

LEGS are used for various purposes; to display in windows, to provide cold feet in winter, to cross, to wear silk stockings upon, and to rest on while getting out of one's auto. It is said that they were once employed for purposes of walking.

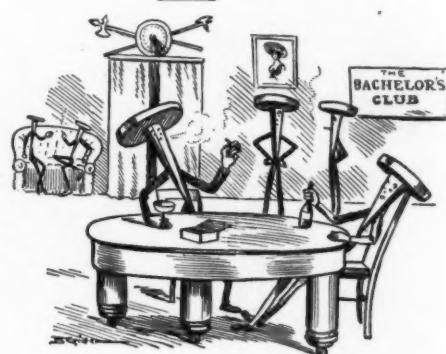
Legs come in immense variety, especially on windy days, and vary in size from a match stick to a meal bag.

Every leg has a calf that follows its parent leg around and never leaves it. Legs also come in pairs, except just after a war. Then sometimes a leg will go about all alone without even a chaperon; at other times it will have a half brother made of cork or wood. The owner usually has it made of wood, as he hates to use up good cork for any other purpose than for what it has been intended by an all-wise Providence. But we are wandering from our subject.

Legs also come in groups. When not in use, they are hung carelessly from the side; at a dinner party great care should always be displayed in distributing them under the table in order that they may do as little damage as possible.

ally, which show that ladies can never dress too fashionable to be loved by someone. Hoping you are the same
Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Per Wallace Irwin.)





"FRESH EVERY HOUR"

Solution Wanted

WANTED—Solution to the Race Problem. This problem has bothered us long enough. Must have solution at once. Lynching, assimilation, democracy and other proposals have been tried without success. Solution must make it clear how the South can continue to enslave the negro without violating the Constitution of the United States, and how the North can continue to profess a love for the negro without allowing him to enter into active competition. The solution must show, in short, how the shrewd American Northerner and Southerner can continue to get all the advantages from the importation of an unassimilable race without getting any of the disadvantages. This is not so difficult

as it sounds. It is certainly no more difficult than the tariff or the currency. Suitable reward to right party. Address, Servitude, Washington, B. T.

Culture and Agriculture

The history of all human progress shows that the art of any period is, so to speak, the flowering of that period. The bloom appears only after stem and stalk have shot to their full growth and leaves have expanded and darkened to their maturity.—*Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, Editor, The Century.*

THIS is all very beautiful and admirable in its poetic reach, but it is plain to be seen that Mr. Yard has never raised tomatoes.

Fantasy

I AM the priestess of the sun—
I am the goddess of the shade—
When day is new, when day is done,
I haunt the hidden forest glade.
Beneath the shining silver leaves
That tremble in a glow so wan,
Where white and pure, in fairy
sheaves,
The sunlight falls—I drink the dawn.
Oh, fantasies, so strange and fair!
Oh, maidens' timid dreams of love!
They thrill me—thrill me everywhere,
When the slow morn is pale above.
And, in the golden dusk of night,
When the last gleam above the trees
Shines, in a yellow flame of light
That lingers on the ev'ning breeze,
I lie, amid the growing dark,
The deeper hush, the afterglow,
And drink the day's last amber spark—
And, oh, the ecstasy I know!
Oh, purple shadows, deep as wine,
Oh, eager lips that close and cling,
Your whispered happiness is mine,
Your throbbing hearts the songs I
sing!
I am the soul of morning glow,
I am the spirit of the dusk.
To me all human passions flow
Soft on the air as myrrh and musk!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



"IT BEATS DER DEUCE HOW DOSE LOOKIN' GLASSES KIN MAKE A FELLER LOOK LIKE A FREAK!"

A Line on a Windy Wash Day

WATCH how Father's union suits
Kick hilariously
Turkey-trotting next to Mother's
Stately lingerie,
Single stepping, close together,
Dipping—strangle hold,
Keeping time to music hidden
With gyrations bold.

Notice how the pink pajamas
Full voluptuous fling,
Brother Freddie's porous pantlets
Soar, like birds a-wing.
Contemplate the monograms,
Muse the violet hose,
Undulating, curving, gliding,
Hanging by the toes.

Next a lovely stretch of flutters,
Delicately dance
Sister Bessie's combinations
Riotously prance
Frilly, fluffy, thistle-downy,
Toying with the breeze,
Surely Bessie's bifurcators
Should not act like these.

What's this lot of dreary gingham,
Lifeless on their strings,
Flannel nighties, big, balloony,
Horrid, sexless things;
And these others—are they Brother's?
Never with those hooks,
Even the winds refuse to wanton
These must be the cook's!

Kate Masterson.

MONEY honks.



"HERE COMES FATHER REILLY."
"NAW, THAT'S OUR RECTOR. HE AIN'T NO FATHER; HE'S GOT A WIFE AND THREE KIDS."

Is Regeneration Coming?

AN entirely new idea in the regulation of unruly persons has been advanced by a judge in Brooklyn, who recently sentenced an offender to four years in Sunday School, with instructions that if the prisoner failed to attend regularly each Sunday he would be brought back and sent to jail. Great reforms, or great movements,

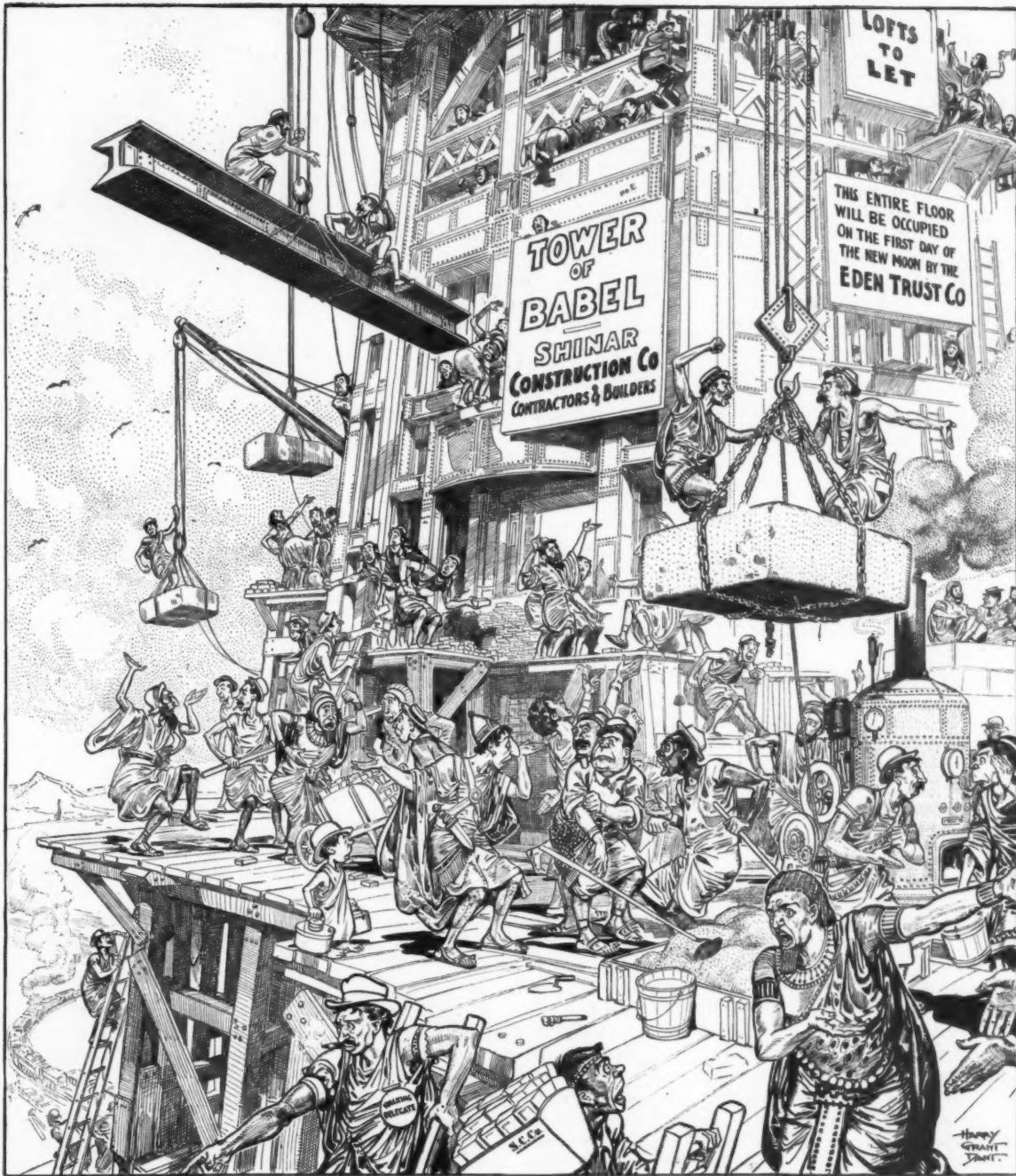
have oftentimes originated, if not by accident, in a very incidental and inconspicuous way. Maybe this new step originated by Judge Fawcett will lead to a wholesome movement in the future, which will go far toward regenerating the human race.

For example, if any of our police captains go wrong, why not sentence them to sit with Anthony Comstock for an hour every day? Even the prospect of such an ordeal as this would make any man hesitate long before entering upon a career of crime.

How would it do, in the case of some incorrigible malefactor in high life, for example, who had been guilty of mulcting the government in a bond issue, to compel him to listen to the debates of Congress?

This method might seem too drastic, but we believe in severe punishment. It is the only thing that is going to keep us straight.

In cases where a man commits a really great crime, he can be made to listen to the suffragettes. The mere announcement of law like this would go far toward regenerating society.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES

The Rivals

"HE seems to be a perfectly nice fellow," said Eugenia.

"Are you in love with him?" I suggested, almost desperately.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Eugenia. "Why, I've seen him only twice."

"You could tell in that time," I suggested, demurely.

Eugenia paused over her lambrequin.

"What if I should tell you that I am in love with him?" she asked.

"I should believe you."

Then I found myself actually blushing. Imagine! With only Eugenia. But it took a lot of courage to tell her. . . . Then I said softly:

"So am I."

Eugenia dropped the lambrequin.

"You!" she cried. "Angelina!"

Neither of us spoke for a full moment. Then she whispered:

"O-o-oh!"

"It's dreadful, isn't it?" I went on at last. "You see, Eugenia, I too have only seen him twice; and you know, dear, I couldn't help it. It came over me so suddenly—his eyes—his voice and his—"

"Don't," pleaded Eugenia. And then added, half to herself:

"His beautiful mustache—and so strong—so genuine, so—"

"And to think," I half sobbed, "it should come to both of us. We, who have been such dear friends!"

Eugenia pressed her beautiful lips together.

"I'll give him up," she whispered, "for you, dear."

"No. I couldn't think of such a thing. I shall give him up—for you."

We held each other's hands in a long silence. Suddenly I heard a click in the distance. It was the gate. I am quite sure Eugenia did not hear it. I got up. Yes. He was coming up the walk. . . . My resolution was taken in an instant. Before Eugenia knew, before she could protest, I had gone; out through the rear door, out, out, into the fields. After all, I thought, it was much the best. They were undoubtedly fitted for each other. He was so handsome, so strong, so winning. The very ideal of what I had always dreamed a genuine New York man should be. Eugenia was ambi-

tious. Some day she was destined to go to Europe, for was not her father cashier of the bank, while mine kept the hotel? . . . Yes, it was better for her to have him.

And then, suddenly, sitting there by the old fence with the brook at my feet, a shadow came—a voice—his voice—spoke.

"I've been looking for you," he said (Oh, what a beautiful voice was his!) "My dear!—"

Before I knew it his arm was about me, he was holding me tight, his mustache—

I sprang up; Eugenia sustained me. I must give him up for her. I broke away.

"You mustn't," I almost screamed. "Oh! What are you doing?"

Before he could stop me I ran away from him madly—over the fence—through the briars—back to Eugenia.

I threw my arms around her.

"Dearest Eugenia," I cried, "I shall never come between you. I have left him—out there!"

Something about me must have made Eugenia suddenly earnest.

"Tell me!" she cried, "What happened?"

"I couldn't help it, Eugenia. I tore myself away from him as soon as I could—but before that he had put his arms around me—tight—Eugenia—he had kissed me."

Then Eugenia smiled. After all we were only the silliest country girls, and he such a grand New Yorker.

"Don't you care, dearie," she whispered, "he did the same to me."

T. L. M.



WOMAN'S PLACE
WHERE A MAN WANTS HER, AND

Cause for Joy

OUR railroads are to be congratulated on the fact that they are in America instead of New Zealand. It is true that we occasionally try to do a little regulating, and now and then object to being battered and wrecked, but, on the whole, our railroads have a comparatively easy time of it. Nobody hereabouts, but a rantankerous few, denies that interest and dividends are the most important part of a railroad. That's why we wisely wink at over-capitalization, underequipping and mis-

management. But over in New Zealand they have the foolish notion that the first duty of a railroad is to serve the people and to haul goods as cheaply and efficiently as possible. Accordingly the government borrows money at three per cent., builds railroads, and, after this three per cent. is earned, all further surplus indicates that the rates should be lowered. How primitive! How can they ever expect to develop a decent stock exchange at that rate?

On the Level

OF all the folks in all the world who go to picture galleries,

Add lustre to the varnishings of all the springtime shows,
Who wave lorgnette and eyeglass while the artists earn
their salaries

By emulating Masters in the manner of their pose;
I wonder, in this earnest throng, how many of the knowing
ones

Who murmur, "Too much foreground!" "There's
brutality and pith!"

"Distinctive drawing!" "See this Splash—he's ranked
among the growing ones!"

Can tell a Whistler moonlight from an Autumn scene
by Smith?

OF all the folks in all the town who go to see Grand Opera.

Go gadding after Gadski and are floey o'er Farrar,
Who fill the Diamond Horseshoe with each bright tiara-topper—a

Bejeweled glare quite dimming the effulgence of the
Star—

Who rave about *leit motifs* till there's really no use hindering;

I wonder, of these connoisseurs who never give us
peace,

How many, O how many, when they go a-Koenigskinder-ing

Know half as much of music as the pretty Goose Girl's
geese?

OF all the Leading Citizens who shine at dedications most,
Who're always laying cornerstones for Homes of Higher
Thought,

Who make commencement speeches, give advice in their
orations most

And hold best pews in churches where salvation can be
bought;

How many, O how many of these idols-to-be-mollified,
These models whose approval gives Success its proper
stamp,

If gauged by moral measure, would be any better qualified
To stand upon the pedestal than Dusty Jones, the tramp.

In fact, if Doc Diogenes should put his X-ray clinical
Upon the inner workings of us humans in a chunk,
He'd get a diagnosis that would make us all so cynical
We'd join our hands fraternal in the Brotherhood of
Bunk.

One priest said, "Omnia vanitas!" the world's pretenses
summing well—

Too harsh, perhaps, his judgment—but this fact to me
appears:

If all the Humbugs in the world a-while should cease their
humming—well,

We might enjoy some echoes from the music of the
spheres.

W. I.



WHERE THE MILITANTS WANT HER

Man

MAN: a once useful animal, who lived on the earth for the purpose of enabling woman to reach her present exalted position. Strange as it may seem, it is doubtful if without him woman could be what she is at present. Man was employed on railroads, in mines, and at the head of primitive states. He was also used in the army and waited upon the table in palm rooms. Some of the rarest and crudest works of art, poetry and drama were fashioned by man before woman came to her own. It is said he was possessed at one time of a strange illusion that he was necessary. Since man has gone out, his place in evolution is well recognized, it being thought that without him our present financial system would not be what it is. Aside from this, however, no permanent use has been discovered for man. He appears to have been a parasite, who filled up the gap between the old régime and the new. At one time man was thought to be immortal, but this view was held almost entirely by himself.

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE." "Why, hello, Mohammed Fifth! Where in the world did you come from?"

"Oh, I just dropped in from Scutari and Salonica and Adrianople, and a few other way stations."

"Why! I thought you had been driven out of those places."

"I was. That was only my little joke. But I'm absolutely broke."

"Don't worry about a little thing like that, Mohammed. You can get plenty of money from the Powers by paying for it. By the way, old man, what is the matter with you? You don't look well."

"I look as well as I could be expected to look, considering what I have been through. Is anybody 'round?"

"Not a soul."

"I've got a secret. Thought you might like to know it, but it wouldn't do to make it public."



WORDS AND MUSIC

"Fire away, Mohammed. It is perfectly safe with me."

"Well, then, I am not so bad as I'm painted."

"What! You don't mean to say so!"

"On my honor as a Turkish gentleman. I did not begin to massacre and burn. That was started by the Christians down in Greece a good many years ago."

"You are kidding me, Mohammed!"

"Sh—Don't let this get out, but it's true. We simply tried to beat the Christians at their own game."

"And you didn't succeed?"

"Well, not quite. But I thought I should like to have you know, LIFE, just on the quiet, that our principal fault has been that we have been too

tolerant. We are a little bit slow in our methods and almost as corrupt as some of your American city governments."

"What you mean, Mohammed, is that you are not quite so progressive as you ought to be?"

"That is about the size of it, LIFE. But don't let this thing get out, will you?"

"Never! Are you going to be here long? If so I—"

"No, LIFE. I should like to pay an extended visit to your metropolis, but it is a little bit too gay for me. I am going to get back to the harmonious atmosphere of my harem. Much obliged for the confidence."

"Don't mention it, Mohammed. Allah be with you."

"And with you, LIFE."





WHEN POVERTY COMES IN AT THE TICKER, LOVE CAN LEAVE BY THE DOOR



THE FOOTBALL BALLET AT THE HIPPODROME



A Little Breathing Spell



At present writing the lurid plays seem to have had something of a set-back. One of them is still on the boards, but the "punch" that its author put into it has been eliminated by the authorities. The other one has been taken off pending an extra-judicial, extra-official decision by the grand jury, who, as individuals, saw the play performed before them at a private representation. The police authorities, the District-Attorney's office and the Board of City Magistrates seem to have accorded to this affront against decency a consideration that would not have been granted to the most inoffensive little woman who ever walked New York's streets through sheer necessity. Such is the power of pull.

Of course, the mild treatment that has been accorded to the producers and actors is not strange when it is remembered that Commissioner Waldo, instead of raiding the two plays, sent them to Chief Magistrate McAdoo, who had already burned his fingers, when as Police Commissioner he summarily stopped the performances of the innocuous "Mrs. Warren's Profession".



THIS year's Hippodrome show, notice of which has been deferred, confounds the belief that the Hippodrome had exhausted all its possibilities to create new sensations. When the Hippodrome first opened it seemed as though the limit of bigness in effect had been reached. Every year since then it has done something bigger than before, until it seemed as though human imagination and ingenuity could go no further. But here again the world's biggest playhouse bobs up with absolutely new sensations that make New York's blasé audiences sit up and be startled.

This year's show is called "America" and confines itself to scenes on our own continent. Mr. Voeglin has contrived some effects in a scenic and dramatic way that really surpass his many achievements of the past. Of course, the ballets are on the usual scale of magnitude, and Mr. Klein's music is adapted to the requirements of the dancers and singers in so big an entertainment.

By way of caution, it should be said that persons with weak hearts, or in a delicate condition of health, should not con-

front the Hippodrome's startling sensations without having first consulted a physician who has himself witnessed its thrilling and perhaps too exhilarating features.



MANY thousands of dollars have been expended in the effort to make Fannie Ward a star. Hitherto it has been a waste of disbursement, but just now she seems to have arrived by grace of a clever French farce which contains a rôle exactly suited to her personality. The piece, badly named "Madam President", which might seem to refer it to the widely reported feminine squabbles in the D. A. R., is transferred bodily from the French without any attempt to suit it to American understanding. To those who know anything of French official life the farce will appeal with greater force than to the average American theatregoer, but it contains enough laughable situations to excite the risibilities of any one who does not insist that farce is intended only for the unrefined.

Time was—and not long ago—when "Madam President" would have been considered broad and what used to be called *risqué*. In view of the present condition of the American stage it is comparatively unobjectionable because instead of discussing vice conditions, it takes them for granted and proceeds to make the consequences laughable. It enlists the efforts of a competent company, including such well-equipped artists as George Giddens, Pattie Browne, and the veteran W. J. Ferguson playing with all the vim and vigor of one of our younger actors and with a sureness unknown to the present generation.

"Madam President" is really funny and unusually well acted for a play of its kind.



FAMILY loyalty is an admirable trait. Its exhibition in public, in politics, and on the stage, always appeals to the public heart, even to that of the man who after witnessing it goes home and beats his wife, or to the woman who next morning nags her husband as persistently as she ever did before. In the case of Mr. William Collier and his new play, "Who's Who?", there arises a suspicion that he is giving a little too much prominence to the solemn-faced little boy who figures in the programme as William Collier, Jr.

But that's a detail. In "Who's Who?" Mr. Richard Harding Davis has provided Mr. Collier with the skeleton of a farcical comedy which is fairly amusing as it stands, and which in due course of ripening Mr. Collier will enrich with lines and situations of his own devising that will make it a typically Collier and therefore thoroughly diverting evening's entertainment for those who like the Collier brand of fun. Not to like that especial brand is to admit at once that you are not American and that you are not up-to-date. Of course, if you are a foreigner and have not kept up with current improvements on our language and the latest sporting extras you are likely to be a bit unappreciative of the very real enjoyment that Mr. Collier hands out to those who talk his language and are of his nativity.

Mr. Davis has varied the scenes of the play between Arizona and the Buzzard Bay district in Massachusetts, so Mr. Collier ought to have plenty of local suggestions to work upon for inspiration. The results will come, no doubt, and on that account those who see "Who's Who?" in its later estate have the advantage of those who must base their opinions on the earlier performances.



R. SHAKESPEARE, please wake up and turn over in your grave. As this issue of LIFE appears your "Much Ado" will be playing simultaneously at two theatres in New York—with Mr. Drew at the Empire and Mr. Sothern at the Manhattan Opera House. Your first impulse might be to say "a plague on both your" Benedicks, but you will admit that in some degree this is a refutation of the charge that your plays are entirely neglected in America.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—The remarkable moving pictures based on "Quo Vadis".
Belasco.—"The Temperamental Journey," Comedy based on the same story told in Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive". Fairly amusing but not up to the Belasco standard.

Casino.—"Lieber Augustin," Girl-and-music show of the Viennese type. Not startlingly novel, but fairly tuneful and diverting.

Century Opera House.—"Aida" in Italian. Notice later.
Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Highly amusing study of the New York business Jew.

Comedy.—"Her Own Money." Domestic comedy of our own time, highly localized, well acted, and pointing a lesson in how not to be unhappy though married.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor's charming impersonation of an Irish-American girl in her difficulties amid British surroundings.

Criterion.—Mr. William Collier in "Who's Who?". See above.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Melodramatic and interesting stage presentation against department store methods in dealing with their employees.

Empire.—"Much Ado About Nothing", with Mr. John Drew as Benedick. A reasonably good but not monumentally great presentation of the comedy.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Kiss Me Quick." Farcical comedy, in the main mediocre, but with an occasional redeeming episode.

Fulton.—"Shadowed", by D. C. Calthrop and C. G. Lennox. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"Nearly Married", with Mr. Bruce McRae. Rapidly moving farce of divorce complications. Very light but laughable.

Garrick.—"Madam President", with Fannie Ward. See above.

Globe.—"The Doll Girl", with Hattie Williams and Mr. Richard Carle. Musical piece of the usual kind, well staged and fairly diverting.

Hippodrome.—"America." See above.

Hudson.—"The Fight." Ex purged edition of a play that seemed to have some elements of interest outside of its lurid features.

Knickerbocker.—"The Marriage Market", with Mr. Donald Brian. Notice later.

Lew Fields's Music Hall.—"When Dreams Come True." Rather pretty musical piece, with Mr. Santley's dancing featured.

Longacre.—"Adèle." Really agreeable musical piece, with pleasant music, rather clever book and well staged.

Lyceum.—Grace George in double bill with one-act piece by J. M. Barrie. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—Opening of the Sothern-Marlowe season with "Much Ado About Nothing".

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Lure"—if the grand jury can be convinced that it is a fit performance to be offered to the general public. In any event, not for the young person.

Playhouse.—"The Family Cupboard." A drama ostensibly picturing American life among the newly rich, but failing in the effort. Laughable in spots.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Believe Me, Xantippe." Original and fairly diverting American farce.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1913." Unusual generosity in the supply of girls, rag-time and spectacular effects. Appeals particularly to the tired business man.

L I E



The Sun Moon

L I E ·



The San Moon



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

The Reformatory and the Reformed

KIND LADY: Ah, my boy, I understand that you recently came out of the reformatory. Is that so?

Boy: Yes'm; I graduated from there, all right enough.

KIND LADY: Is it a good reformatory?

Boy: Yes'm. It's a peach. Best reformatory in the country.

KIND LADY: You think it did you good, then?

Boy: Yes'm. I never was so well reformed in all me life.

KIND LADY: Isn't that nice. What were you put in for?

Boy: I was put in for petty larceny.

KIND LADY: And what are you doing now?

Boy: Aw, I never do nothin' but safe-blowin' now.

The Latest Books

TWO little ladies, brimming with excited anticipations of a first camping out, passed our way a while ago. They were off for the near-woods. But they were filled with tall-timber emotions. And they told us (they were like two palpitant little prospectuses in their enthusiasm) about the women's summer camp, where men were taboo and bloomers *de rigueur*, where they were to spend a month in the open and under canvas.

But after the expected joys of the open had been duly dwelt upon, it cropped out that the canvas held terrors for them. They were afraid, it seemed, that they'd not be able to sleep untroubled in a tent. And it appeared, moreover, that neither the dread of dampness nor the fear of tramps lay at the root of this anxiety. "You see," they said, with some hesitancy and an air of being a bit *risqué*, "we're terribly afraid of the—the—wood-pussies."

Now, I've dabbled a bit in natural history myself, but I own that I was stumped.

"Are they really dangerous in Maine, the—the wood-pussies?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly *dangerous*," answered the more cameo-like of the two little ladies, "but, of course, one would have to burn one's clothes."

THERE are many people who go into bookshops in much the same spirit in which these ladies were going camping. They look forward to the joys of reading with the liveliest anticipation; yet they move among the new books in fear and trembling because of their dread of the fictional wood-pussies. And as, for some months, there have been rumors of an allegedly malodorous animal at large in the literary woods, and as, from time to time, thin spirals of smoke above the reviews have indicated where sensitive critics were burning their ruined spiritual garments, it seemed to be a professional duty to investigate and report. And I was prepared to make my report as politely euphemistic as possible and

to hold "Hagar Revelly" out in a pair of verbal tongs (as my little wood-pussy lady did the skunk) so that no one should be shocked by plain speaking.

But it seems to me that there has been a great to-do over very little. "Hagar Revelly" (Kennerley, \$1.35), by Daniel Carson Goodman, the author of "Unclothed", is the story of a young girl's self-centered drift from a loosely organized home life through department store work into an ill-conducted love affair, and so along lines of least resistance into a semi-professional reliance on sex for self-support—a drift that carries her at last to where she looks down in sudden terror into the chasm of harlotry opening at her feet and draws back, a pathetic and futile little figure, into the temporary shelter of a weak man's arms. It is, in short, a lesser writer's handling of Sudermann's theme in "The Song of Songs". But while parts of it are undeniably dull, all of it is unquestionable clean-minded; and while the last chapters of it are disturbingly ill-executed, all of it is patently well intended.

Mr. Goodwin seems to me to be writing under what one may perhaps call a fragmentary inspiration. He has glimpsed the great truth—the great, dynamic idea that is beneath and behind all of our modern activities, whether scientific, ethical or esthetic—that it is only by minutely understanding life as it is that we can hope synthetically to move toward life as we'd like it. But when he comes to putting this idea into practice by placing bits of life-as-it-is before us in the marquetry of fiction, he is not only a bit clumsy in his joinery, but a bit incoherent in his design. "Hagar Revelly" neither out-moderns the moderns nor smells to heaven. But it has already been better done by a more skillful workman with a bigger vision.

J. B. Kerfoot.

SOME men are born advertised, some achieve advertisement, and some have advertisements thrust upon them.



"OH, JOHN, DO STOP AND GIVE THAT POOR MAN A LIFT. HE MUST BE IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO HAVE COME OUT WITHOUT HIS CLOTHES."

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

A Preface to Politics, by Walter Lippmann. One of the live books of the year. Nine essays in which, with the clean-cut strokes of an edged intellect, much underbrush is cut out of a tangled subject.

Concert Pitch, by Frank Danby. A tale of trumped-up trouble and titivated temperaments. The author of "The Heart of a Child" has said her say and is becoming the disciple of her dead self.

The Garden Without Walls, by Coningsby Dawson. A buoyant and textually beautiful tale by a new writer whose say, yet to be said, promises to be interesting.

Hagar Revelly, by Daniel Carson Goodman. See preceding page.

Harlette, by Marion Polk Angellotti. A half-portion of Historical Romance tastily seasoned and daintily served.

The Immigrant, an Asset and a Liability, by Frederic J. Haskin. A statistical omelette; appetizingly browned on the surface, but a bit soggy.

The Inside of the Cup, by Winston Churchill. A legitimate best seller. An able and entertaining story which discusses with complete honesty, a fine courage and considerable ability, one of the live religious problems of the time.

The Interpretation of Dreams, by Professor Sigmund Freud. A "tough-minded" exploring expedition into the hinterland of our subconscious psychology. A book that works you hard but pays you high.

Mixed Grill, by W. Pett Ridge. A well-found name for an assortment of fifteen short stories containing a bit of everything, and some of it very nice.

The Open Window, by E. Temple Thurston. The ornithological diary of a rural vicar written in lavender ink under a weeping willow. This is the real thing and very hard to get these days.

A Prisoner in Fairyland, by Algernon Blackwood. The story of a man who rediscovers the country of his youthful day-dreams. Aeroplaning in an atmosphere of fantasy.

The Bride

FLING her your roses,
Red and white—
She is the Queen of the world to-night!
Back from the Altar,
Turning slow—
Fire and Flower, Dust and Snow—

She is the Hope of the world to-night!
Fling her your roses, red and white.

Woman and Angel,
Wife and Maid,
Bold with the Giving, yet all afraid—

Fling her your roses, red and white,
She is the Youth of the world to-night!

Fire o' Spring
And Faith o' Years—
Laughter and Wonder, Love and
Tears—

Fling her your roses, red and white,
She is the Queen of the world to-night!

F. D. B.



"MANY A TALE THEIR MUSIC TELLS"

The Psychology of Laughter, by Boris Sidis. A couple of interesting ideas about the nature and sources of laughter buried in inept quotations and banal jokes.

Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures, translated from the Chinese by George Soulié. Short stories of eighteenth century origin which throw folklorish sidelights on Chinese thought and customs.

The Unrest of Women, by Edward Sandford Martin. Essays, critical and commentative, in which contemporary feminism gets some straight talk from a Dutch uncle.

Village Life in America, by Caroline Cowles Richards. The diary (1852 to 1872) of a young girl of Canandaigua. A tiny mirror held haphazard to a vanished order.



THE GIRL THE SUFFRAGETTES LEFT BEHIND

Those Mental Assets



"**G**LOOM, which has long resided within the walls of the Stock Exchange, is in danger of eviction," we read in the financial columns of the *New York Times*. "The report that the last seat sold had brought \$46,000 was confirmed by the authorities yesterday and 1,100 members mentally added \$5,000 each to their assets."

Which the same comes pretty near being a microcosm of the whole Wall Street business. Their assets to an alarming degree are such as can be increased and decreased mentally. There is very little which has a perceptible and certain value. It is all mind, as with the Christian Scientists, and that's what's the matter. Marking up and marking down. Bookkeeping without end. Now you have it and now you don't. The mind giveth and the mind taketh away. Consequently the mind is in a turmoil all the time. He that loseth his mind for Wall Street's sake shall never find it.

Mayor Gaynor

MAJOR GAYNOR made a larger success at being more continuously interesting than perhaps any other public man of the present day.

He thought for himself, and his courage was none the less of the highest order because it was at times irascible. He had in him a strain of mysticism, which in all great minds increases curiosity and adds to the dramatic quality of character. One of the evidences of his being a big man was that he carried his faults on his sleeve. A smaller man would have felt the necessity for concealing them.

He had a great many facets to his character and disposition. That is why there have been so many varying opinions about him.

It is a pity that he should have been taken off so prematurely. He made the best reading our newspapers have had, and, all things considered, fought the devils of greed and corruption persistently and effectively.



One of the most instructive truck books ever published - FREE

THIS is an unusual book. It has been carefully prepared and gives only the practical information you are really interested in, and in a way that will take least of your time.

You will not have to wade through statistical arguments on trucks vs. horses, or about extending delivery area, or about giving prompt delivery. You know all that.

It gives you definite, easily digested information about the Garford truck itself—"on the job."

It shows the sixty-two Garfords that were purchased to transport U. S. mail in New York City; the fleets of Garford trucks on the \$200,000,000.00 Catskill Aqueduct job where practically every contractor is using Garfords; the eight Garfords that are doing the work of fifty horses for the Watson Contracting Company; Garfords in the contracting, lumber,

grocery, oil, coal, dairy, meat, ice, brewery, and transfer business,—in fact in practically every line of business. It pictures Garfords with trailers handling 13-ton loads; Garfords mastering grades up to twenty-six per cent.

The Garford was one of the first successful trucks built in America. We are pioneers in the commercial vehicle industry. Garford Trucks are designed along the most approved and practical European lines, but built for use on American roads. Our records are conclusive evidence and proof of the economy and efficiency of the Garford Truck in service. These records are open for your inspection, and are worth your most careful consideration.

Visit the factory if possible. We want you to become acquainted with the extreme care taken in their construction. In fact we know it will surprise you.

That is why we want you to read this book. It is a practical volume for practical merchants and manufacturers. Fill out the coupon and mail it today.

The Garford Company
Elyria, Ohio

Please send the new Garford Truck Book to

Name _____

Firm Name _____

Connection with Firm _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

(D)

The Garford Co., Elyria, Ohio, U. S. A.

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable

Never Again!

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Dear Sirs:

On page 388, your LIFE, September 4th inoculation, I read: "Owing to Mr. Martin's absence in Europe, readers of LIFE will be deprived of his editorials during the next few issues."

Inasmuch as it was my ten cents and other readers' ten cents which took Mr. Martin to Europe, I regret that we were not consulted before you let our editor get away, if for only a few issues.

The only way Mr. Martin can square himself is for him to tell his readers that some famous European specialist informed him he will live to a ripe old age so that those who love LIFE's editorials may continue receiving the benefits of his (Mr. Martin's) wisdom and humor.

Cable your good Mr. Martin and tell him not to tarry too long.

From a reader who never disagrees with LIFE.

Respectfully,
J. L. BOWLES.

LEXINGTON, KY.,
September 2, 1913.

Is This True?

EDITOR OF LIFE,
Sir:

Will you allow me, an enlisted man in the United States Army, space for a few words regarding the deceit so often practiced to induce men to enlist?

One example is as follows: I asked the recruiting officer, a son of an officer very high in one branch of the service, what I could do in the event of the service being distasteful to me. He said that after one year of service I could purchase my discharge for one hundred and twenty dollars. I enlisted, was sent to the Philippines, and, after being here about a year, was offered a position in civil life paying eighteen hundred dollars per annum. On inquiring of the proper authority what method to pursue to purchase my discharge, I was informed that no soldier can purchase his discharge in the Islands who has less than two years' continuous service here at time of application for discharge, and the cost here is fifty dollars more than in the States—one hundred and seventy dollars here and one hundred and twenty dollars at home. Another injustice is the passing of retroactive laws such as the one reducing the travel allowance from four cents to two cents per mile. My allowance now from San Francisco to New York will be sixty-two dollars and eighty-three cents, with the cost of second-class transportation eighty-two dollars and fifteen

cents. Or, if I choose a ticket instead of money, I receive nine dollars for rations, fifty cents per meal on trains, but must pay seven dollars and forty cents for a berth. And I shall have to look for work in a khaki uniform in the month of February. I call it retroactive for the reason that it cancels the orders and laws existing previous to its passage, and cancels the agreement made with me to take me back to place of enlistment and provide me with quarters and rations en route. It may be that the gentleman from the Adjutant-General's office who recently wrote you is not familiar with conditions in recruiting offices, but if he is not, he is lacking in that efficiency which we are told now obtains in the service. There are many of us men in the ranks who doubt the existence of either greater efficiency or honesty now than in 1898. It is impossible for me to give my name unless I wish a dishonorable discharge, so I will sign myself

A VICTIM.

MANILA, P. I.,
July 23, 1913.

From the Other Side

SAILORS WITHOUT SERUM IN THE TREATMENT OF CEREBRO-SPINAL FEVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Believing that the article in LIFE of August 21st last, entitled "Sailors or Serum?" (in which a quotation from "The Open Door", at absolute variance with the truth, was given), was printed without the knowledge of the facts, I wish to state that vaccine inoculation for cerebro-spinal meningitis is not practiced in the United States Navy.

In the treatment of cases of cerebro-spinal fever, however, anti-meningitis serum is now employed. As an indication of its value in these cases, in 1906 the mortality without the use of the serum was 82.35 per cent., with marked permanent crippling and disability in many of those who survived. In 1910, when the serum was employed in every case, the mortality dropped to 16.66 per cent., with practically no crippling among the convalescents.

It would seem that no further comment is necessary, and I feel sure that, in the spirit of fair play always characteristic of LIFE, this letter will find its way into LIFE's columns as did my letter of November 24, 1912, relating to typhoid fever prophylaxis in the navy and the favorable results that followed.

Yours very truly,
C. F. STOKES,
Surgeon-General, U. S. Navy.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 25, 1913.

We, Too, Are Glad

EDITOR OF LIFE,

Dear Sir:

I notice that LIFE thinks there is hope even for Alabama. I am glad. A few weeks ago, when LIFE decided to drop that silly story about forty-five per cent. of all the children of this State being wage-earners, and to print the facts, I decided that there was hope for LIFE. So our satisfaction is mutual.

Frankly, though, the facts in the case—that five and one-tenth per cent. of the children under sixteen in this State are wage-earners—are not conducive to a high degree of satisfaction for one who is interested in the State's future. We had a right to object to exaggeration, because the facts were bad enough. Having obtained reasonable figures, all that you can say now will help us, and we need help in our fight for the conservation of childhood.

By the way; it may interest you to know that there is not only being waged in the State a campaign to do away with the leasing of prisoners—virtually the selling of them into slavery—but also one, even more important, for an amendment to the Constitution which will permit counties and school districts to spend more than a certain fixed sum for the education of their children.

It may be hard for some folks to believe that the makers of a State Constitution would ever have thought it necessary to protect the people against too much education, but they did it in this State. And that fact goes far to explain a great many of our shortcomings.

Very truly yours,
E. E. MILLER,

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
July 17, 1913.



"YOURS RECEIVED"

THE *Detroit* 1914 ELECTRIC

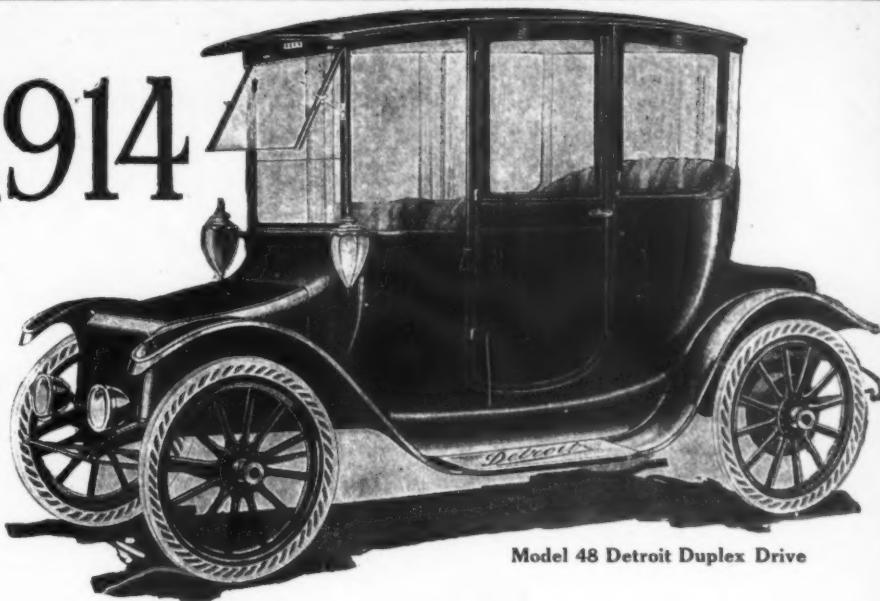
With Worm Gear Axle

5-pass. Brougham, Detroit Duplex Drive	\$3000
4-pass. Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2850
Gentleman's Roadster	2500

With Bevel Gear Axle

5-pass. Brougham, Front Seat Drive	\$2800
4-pass. Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2550
Victoria	2300

All enclosed bodies are of our celebrated "Clear Vision" type. Seats are so arranged that no one sits in front of the driver.



Model 48 Detroit Duplex Drive

Big Volume - Finer Quality - Lower Prices

This is the Detroit Electric policy for 1914—to make *more* cars and therefore, *better* cars than have ever been made by an electric manufacturer; to sell these cars for *lower* prices than have ever been asked before; to take only a small profit on *each* car, relying on *large* volume for an adequate yearly earning.

We believe that this new policy is something people have been waiting for, that it marks a big step forward in the electric car business. We believe it means that thousands of people will buy electrics who have not bought before.

Our Output—Two to One

In the past twelve months we have sold *more than twice as many cars* as any other maker of electric pleasure vehicles.

Our factory and service organization have grown to be the largest in the world devoted exclusively to electric cars. Our manufacturing facilities have been brought to maximum efficiency.

So we have determined to go after even larger volume, to reduce our prices, but at the same time to put into our cars the very utmost in quality. And our 1914 models are the result.

Why Our Prices Are Lower

Every one of the six models listed above, if priced according to the usual

methods of figuring, would sell for \$300 to \$400 more.

Take the worm gear Detroit Duplex Drive car, \$3000. The factory cost of this car, plus the *usual* rate of profit, would make the list price, \$3350.

Take the bevel gear Forward Drive brougham, \$2800. Last season's corresponding model sold for \$3000. We have added \$140 *actual factory cost*, in new features and finer quality—and yet we ask only \$2800. And so all through the line.

How Quantity Produces Quality

Bear in mind that the reduction in the prices of Detroit Electric cars means no reduction in the quality. Exactly the opposite.

The large volume that makes possible these lower prices also makes possible the highest quality in materials, in workmanship, in improved features.

It requires *quantity* to produce *quality*. The old idea that small production means better quality, more care, finer attention to detail is a fallacy. When a maker builds 1800 to 2000 cars, his standard of quality is higher than when he builds the average output of 400 to 500 cars.

The large manufacturer can afford to

have a higher standard. He can and does put better workmanship into his cars—because he can afford the mechanical equipment necessary.

Small production means near-accurate handwork, instead of absolutely accurate machine work. It means steel castings instead of the stronger drop forgings. It means fitting and filing instead of standardizing, uniform parts.

Don't Let High List Prices Blind You

The high prices asked for many cars are not evidence of quality. You don't make anything in buying an overpriced car. A few hundred dollars added to the price *and then taken off again* by a cut in price or an excessive allowance for a used car, doesn't change the quality of the car. Price doesn't really mean anything except in relation to value.

Detroit Electric cars are lower in price than any cars even approaching them in quality. They are sold at *catalog prices*. They are marketed with a smaller discount to the dealer than other cars.

Please see these cars at our dealer's. You will find him to be the most substantial electric car dealer in your city. 1914 advance catalog sent on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



A Linguist

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang "boss", got a job with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Haiti.

One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse, he heard the Irishman shout:

"Allez!—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the day I ever learned their language."—*Everybody's*.

The Joke on Father

She had refused him, and he was "all in".

"Reconsider, Annie," he begged. "If you don't I'll blow my brains out."

"Huh," said Annie, "that would be a good joke on Father, for he thinks you haven't any."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

MAJOR PREMISE: I'm not the head of an ass.

Minor Premise: I'm not the tail of an ass.

Conclusion: I must be no end of an ass.—*Yale Record*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

How He Knew

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students; "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance—"

Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odor he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student.

After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly:

"I tol' ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had obsarved ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

At Home

Bessie and Bertie were at a loss for a game to play.

"Oh, let's play being 'at home' and have a 'day'!" suggested Bessie.

"A day?" queried Bertie. "What does that mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Bessie, wisely. "All the fashionable people have 'days'. God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday."

—*Harper's Magazine*.



INFLUENCING A HEAVY VOTER

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from booksellers in all the principal cities of the world. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

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Put a Chau-Phone in your Limousine (Chauffeur Telephone)

The Chau-Phone is a little telephone designed for limousine and other closed bodies, and on most advanced cars has taken the place of the unsatisfactory speaking tube. It enables you to give instructions to your chauffeur in ordinary conversational tone, whereas, with the speaking tube, the noise of traffic and the inrush of air and dust made speaking difficult and understanding almost impossible. The Chau-Phone makes the luxury of the closed car complete. When you are having your car fitted for winter commission, order your body builder or repair man to install a

Western-Electric Chau-Phone

It can be as readily installed in old as in new cars. It consists of hand transmitter for the passenger, connected to a loud-speaking receiver at chauffeur's ear (the receiver is so designed that it is adjustable to car with right or left drive). The wiring can be entirely concealed and the regular batteries of the car operate it. The current required is negligible—none when not in use. The price is

only \$25 and your repair man, automobile supply dealer or garage can readily supply it. If, for any reason, you cannot secure it, we will ship direct to you, prepaid, on receipt of price. Skilled labor is not required to install it. The name "Western Electric" itself is a guaranty of the quality of this telephone, which is made by the same company that makes all the Bell Telephones.

Among the cars on which the Chau-Phone will be regular equipment in 1914 are: Locomobile, Pierce-Arrow, Peerless, Marmon, Fiat, S. G. V., Premier, Pathfinder, Haynes. SEND FOR CIRCULAR 181-I.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY Main Office, 463 West Street, New York City. Branch Houses: All principal cities. Agents everywhere.



The Geologist's Lament A Soft Conglomerate

I MET my love by an ancient lake,
Where the glacial till was deep,—
Where days of old saw lizards bold,
And dinosauri, leap!

Her hair was touched with the pyrite's
gleam:
Like crystal quartz her eyes:—
The ruby's tint on her rounded lips,
Like purling springs her sighs!

"Ah, Sweet!" I breathed, "as the
eons flew
And fossils formed in clay,
And bits of fil'tring limonite
Entombed them where they lay,—

"Through all the years of the shifting
meres,
While soft the ox-bows wound,
Did Potash cleave to Silicon
In the molten magma's bound!

"As Potash cleaves to Silicon,
So cleaves my soul to thee!
May mortal never break our bond,
Nor part our love the sea!"

She pensive moved o'er Triassic stone
Where three-toed beasts once
tracked:
"It's not your *fault*," she harshly
said,
"But surely you are *cracked*!"

Prentice Abbot.

The Lady Who Smoked Cigars

You will not be disappointed
in her after reading this snappy
little story by Rupert Hughes.
A delightful hour's reading.

Fifty cents per copy

Life Publishing Company
17 West 31st Street
New York



YOUR COLT won't fire until you want it. When cocked the COLT is automatically locked against accidental discharge. Locks itself. Doesn't depend on you to make it safe. When you purposely pull the trigger—you automatically press in the grip safety (see circle) and your COLT shoots. That's why

The Colt Automatic Fires first shot first

You don't have to bother your head about "safety" devices—you don't have to even think—without one second's hesitation you simply grab your COLT and shoot—quickly—instantly.

The COLT is the finest steel watchdog—it rests safely as far as you are concerned, but keeps its weather eye open day and night, instantly ready for the other fellow.

*Don't be stalled off the COLT if you
want the best gun—it costs you no more.*

Write for catalog 6.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Colt FIREARMS

Say "Colt" when you want a revolver or pistol. That name stands for sterling quality in small firearms.

The Standard for 70 years.
Adopted by
United States Government.

Charity Wanted

WANTED—Charity. Large quantities needed at once. Must be real charity. Must meet all the tests of the most approved standards of efficiency. Must be of a nature that offers some hope of its catching up some time with poverty, disease and misfortune. Old-fashioned charity, that never does better than bring up a very poor rear, need not apply. Must not be like Charity Balls that beat so many times around the bush that the whole business borders on the farcical. Must not be like our Charity Organizations which spend so much money in administration and in postage on begging letters, the only effect of which is to advertise its officers, that practically nothing is left for the poor devils that need help. Must be a charity which is prophylactic as well as therapeutic. Apply at once to Slums, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and elsewhere.



A Toast

Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity!
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Curiosity

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the shopwalker.

"Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I reckon they're waitin' to see if I won't go away without stayin' for the threepence-halfpenny in change that's owing to me."—*Tit-Bits*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. inc. postage. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Adding Fuel

"Don't you think peace would be promoted if nations could be persuaded to talk things over deliberately before going to war?"

"Possibly. But sometimes the more you talk things over the more you find to fight about."—*Washington Star*.

"HOBBS is a pessimist isn't he?"

"Not exactly. I should call him an opti-pessimist."

"What do you mean?"

"He acknowledges that every cloud has a silver lining, but grumbles because it is on the farther side."

—*Boston Transcript*.

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

Plain or Cork Tips

ARTISTS

Stop that everlasting dipping.
Use a COOMBS AUTOMATIC INDIA INK FOUNTAIN PEN—the only pen that flows India Ink freely. It won't clog. It can't clog or thicken. Every Artist, Illustrator and Cartoonist needs it. Special Price, \$2.00 postpaid. Order today—money back if you say the word. Descriptive circular FREE.
COOMBS INDIA INK FOUNTAIN PEN CO.
228 Nat'l Reserve Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Hopper on the Farm

Spending the summer on a farm has rendered De Wolf Hopper even more of a punster than usual. One day, when he had run up to the city, he chanced to meet a friend, and they went to luncheon together.

Mr. Hopper was giving his friend a very enthusiastic account of life in the country, telling him what an early riser he had become, etc.

"How do you know," asked the friend, "what time it is in the morning, when you want to get up so early?"

"Oh, that's easy," answered Mr. Hopper, with a twinkle in his eye. "You see, my neighbors all keep chickens. The rooster is my crownometer."

—*Lippincott's*.

Frugality

"No, Madge, dear," said the frugal husband, "I shall not take you to the theatre or to supper or even buy you a dish of ice cream. You see, you are a qualified voter now and I might be accused of trying to influence your vote."

—*Chicago News*.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

Change With Seasons

"I thought they were going to Europe for the summer?"

"When did they tell you that?"

"Last November."

"Oh, everybody was going to Europe for the summer last November."

—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

TELL a man that there are 270,169,325,484 stars and he will believe you. But if a sign says Fresh Paint he has to make a personal investigation.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Two New Models



On the left is an exceedingly smart afternoon gown to be made in crepe or velvet. The short tunic over a slightly full skirt is one of the newest and prettiest of the winter fashions.

At the right is a semi-tailored gown that can be effectively developed in two materials—for instance, serge and taffeta.

These and all other Vogue Stock Patterns are cut in sizes 34 to 40. Waists and skirts are priced at 50 cents each; complete costume \$1.

Just as Vogue is typical of exclusive fashions so Vogue Patterns are typical of exclusive designs. Address all orders and inquiries to



No. 2362-2363-L

Vogue Pattern Service
443 Fourth Avenue, New York

No. 2356-2357-L

Our Children Street Workers

ALL the evil effects of street work upon children observed by students of the problem have been here divided into three groups, under the headings of physical, moral and material deterioration.

It must be understood that this is a summary of such effects and that while the influences of the street are unquestionably bad, any one child exposed to them is not likely to suffer to the full extent suggested below. However, deterioration in one form or another is invariably noted in children who have been engaged in street work for any length of time, and this is sufficient proof of the undesirability of such employment for our boys and girls.

EFFECTS OF STREET WORK ON CHILDREN.

MATERIAL DETERIORATION:

Form distaste for regular employment.
Small chance of acquiring a trade.
Drift into large class of casual workers.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION:

Night work.
Excessive fatigue.
Exposure to bad weather.
Irregularity of sleep and meals.
Use of stimulants—cigarettes, coffee, liquor.
Disease through contact with vices.

MORAL DETERIORATION:

Encouragement to truancy.
Independence and defiance of parental control.
Weakness cultivated by formation of bad habits.
Form liking for petty excitements of street.
Opportunities to become delinquent.
Large percentage of recruits to criminal population.

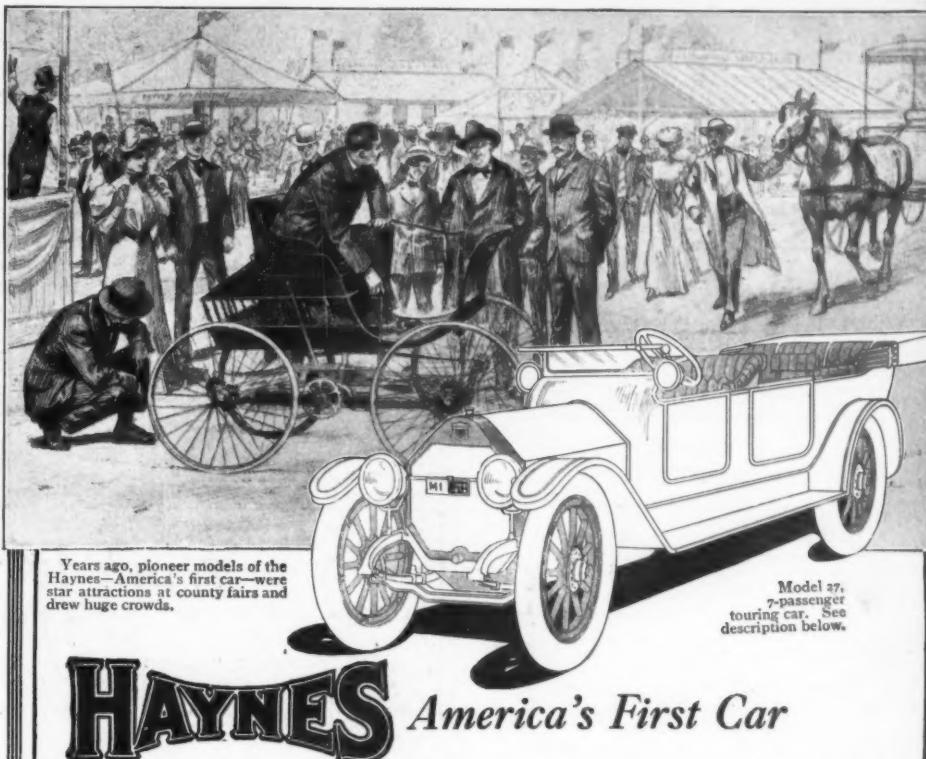
—From "Child Labor in the City Streets," by E. N. Clopper (Macmillan).

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

At all dealers

G.F. Heublein
& Bro.
Sole Prop's.
Hartford
New York
London



HAYNES America's First Car

After 20 years of leadership, the Haynes is still the most interesting car in America. In addition to 20 years of proving and perfecting, and a most up-to-date equipment of comforts and convenience, every new Haynes model has the greatest automobile feature of today—

The Vulcan Electric Gear Shift

Automobile makers have long been looking for something better than the hard, noisy gear-shifting with the hand lever. Even women and children can drive the Haynes with enjoyment and safety. Simply press a button and electricity shifts the gears. Electricity also starts the engine, operates the horn and furnishes the lighting. Other features are mechanical tire pump, pressure gasoline feed, Collins quick adjusting curtains.

The New Models in Brief

Model 27, illustrated, 6-cyl. 65 H. P., 136-in. wheelbase, 6 or 7-pass. \$2875, limousine \$3250.
Model 28, 4-cyl. 48 H. P., 118-in. wheelbase, 2-pass. roadster, 4 or 5-pass. tour. \$1950, coupe \$2700.
Model 26, 6-cyl. 65 H. P., 130-in. wheelbase, 2-pass. roadster, 4 or 5-pass. tour. \$2700, coupe \$3200.

Above horse powers are by the dynamometer test

Hand lever optional at \$200 reduction

If you don't know your nearest Haynes dealer, ask for his address.



Write for Great Auto Book

—"The Complete Motorist," by Elwood Haynes, the father of the automobile. It'll make you understand the auto better, care for yours better and get better service for less expense. Write today.

The Haynes Automobile Co., 43 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

The Cerebrette

WE have novelettes and suffragettes, and husbandettes; why not cerebrettes?

What is a cerebrette? One who travels on her cerebral shape. She is in a distinct class by herself.

A woman highbrow, for example, is unemotional. Coldness is part of her pose. But a cerebrette in addition, makes a noise like a brain. She works, so to speak, with a cut out.

At first she tries the cut out only on mild hills, but after a while she gets used to the noise, and likes it because it makes everybody aware of her, and uses it on all levels. When the cerebrette is not travel-

ing in Europe, she is reading all the latest books and discoursing on Esoteric Buddhism, Auric Envelopes and the higher pragmatism.

All cerebrettes are self starters. They have a universal wheelbase and are seen on all roads. They like it up in the air best, however.

EAGER YOUNG MAN (*who has called on adored one*): I can't wait any longer, dear. I really had to 'phone. Will you marry me?

GENTLE VOICE (*in reply*): Why, yes, of course, I will. But haven't you got the wrong number?

—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

If love gives wit to fools, it undoubtedly takes it from wits.

Alphonse Karr.

Carstairs Rye

Beginning at Home

"What do the suffragettes want, anyhow?"

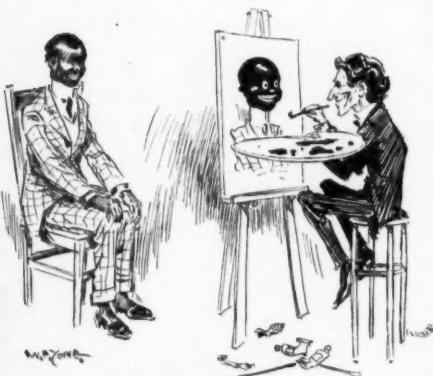
"We want to sweep the country, dad."

"Well, do not despise small beginnings. Suppose you make a start with the dining-room, my dear."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HALL: What are you doing now?

GALL: Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to ascertain why people don't want to buy a new patent clothes-wringer.—Chicago News.



"NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED"

Attention! Historians

WHY not have an old-fashioned mothers' day? By careful search and the exercise of some discrimination, it would probably be possible to obtain samples of representative mothers from various parts of the country. This convention would be somewhat different from the usual Mothers' Congress, the majority of whom are more than likely to be old maids.

A first condition would naturally be that every delegate to this committee must be a genuine mother—be able to darn socks, wash the dishes, make tidies and dust and sweep; also know the simple prayers which children at one time used to repeat.

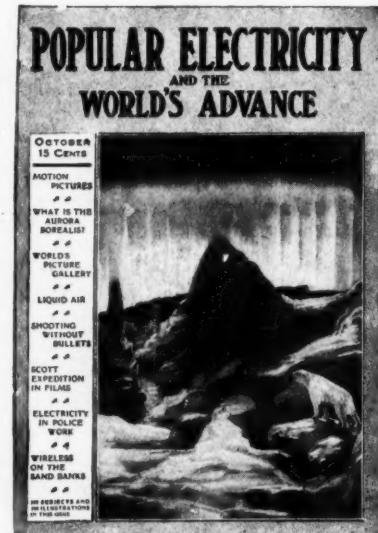
Is it not due to future historians that this mothers' day be celebrated and its proceedings be placed upon record? As a contribution to archaeology it would be extremely edifying.

By taking moving pictures of the proceedings it would be possible to furnish future generations with a rare representative of a vanishing race. This has been done with the buffalo; why not with the mother?

What is the Aurora Borealis?

Warren H. Miller, the Naturalist, pries into the mystery of the NORTHERN LIGHTS' gorgeous Arctic displays in POPULAR ELECTRICITY and the WORLD'S ADVANCE for October. You'll enjoy his article and wonder at how little you knew of this fascinating phenomenon. A brisk whisk South to the Blue Ridge Mountains and

A Marvel of the Age



is presented, in the romantic story of an immense district revitalized and made over by a monster modern power development. Another little jump of 9000 miles to examine

The Ancient Tanks of Aden

those world-old Persian reservoirs at the Red Sea fortress, defying time where it never rains, is hotter than Hades, and mighty unhealthy for white man. The

Illuminated Flying Fish at Catalina Island is a spectacle of the Pacific Submarine Gardens sure to delight and astonish you.

Wireless Between Germany and America is an accomplished fact, with direct New York-Berlin commercial service an early probability. Big things like this thrill you; so should

Protecting the Lives of 200,000 Steel Workers

an immense "Safety First" campaign to reduce death and danger for "the man on the job". Dr. Robt. Grimshaw in

Heaven-Born and Other Inventors

with delightful humor furnishes food for thought to over-ambitious folk anxious to patent "any old thing". And these are only typical of the

200 Fascinating Subjects

fairly alive with devouring interest with

200 Absorbing Illustrations

that combine to make up one of the most interesting and instructive popular magazines ever published.

POPULAR ELECTRICITY AND THE WORLD'S ADVANCE FOR OCTOBER

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Human Nature

HUMAN nature is the same even to this day. The writer grew up with an Irishman who believed that when a man got wealthy enough to keep a carriage and coachman he ought to be assassinated and all his goods given to the poor. He now hires a coachman himself, having succeeded in New York City as a policeman; but the man who comes to assassinate him will find it almost impossible to obtain an audience with him.

If you wish to educate a man to be a successful oppressor, with a genius for introducing new horrors and novelties in pain, oppress him early in life and don't give him any reason for doing so. The idea that "God is love" was not popular in those days. The early settlers were so stern even with their own children that if the Indian had not given the forefather something to attract his attention the boy crop would have been very light.

Even now the philosopher is led to ask, regarding the boasted freedom of America, why some measures are not taken to put large fly-screens over it.

—From "Bill Nye's History of the United States," published by Messrs. C. C. Thompson Co., Chicago, Ill., through whose courtesy we are enabled to reprint this selection.

In Defense of the Administration

IT is quite unfair for the critics to say that the administration should let the currency alone. At a time when everybody else has currency views, why should the administration be denied the same privilege? Nor does it matter that no college professor has ever given evidence that he understood the currency question. Mr. Wilson may prove an exception in this as in other respects. Let us be calm. The chance that the administration is going to make any important contribution to the science of currency is very remote, but there is no great harm in letting it try.

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"HOW IS THAT? HE ISN'T WORKING NOW."

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SLANG EXPRESSION
PULLING OFF A BIG ONE

Two Interviews

THE FIRST INTERVIEW

MR. CONNELLTON?"
"Yes, sir."

The young man who had entered the office so hurriedly shook hands and sank into a seat, in which he sat with that air of briskness and uneasiness that always accompanies the metropolitan.

"You may not remember me, sir," he said, "but I will explain my errand in an instant. Last summer I met your daughter, and during the brief interval that we were together I was much attracted by her charm. Returning to town, it occurred to me that she was precisely the person that I desired to carry out a project which with me has long been cherished; namely, to become a benedict. You see I am at the head of a very large business, and my time is so occupied that I cannot give much attention to these matters. The other day, however, I looked you up and found that you lived in the suburbs. Very well. I telephoned out and made an engagement to visit your daughter; I left the city at half-past six; I went through tubes and changed cars at various stations; I traveled in trains and eventually arrived at the suburb where you lived. I engaged a vehicle and sent up my card at quarter after nine. At quarter of ten I had



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Now before you—who are serving a Life sentence—become speechless with fury at the suggestion that *anything* can be as good to read as Life, just admit that

1. A long story is not necessarily dull. The first quarter of a full-length anonymous novel, "Home," by a brilliant writer appears in the October *Century*.

2. Politics need not be tiresome. Theodore Roosevelt never wrote anything more readable than "The Progressive Party," in which he tells, in the October *Century*, of the first year's history of the newest Party and its future intentions.

These are but two features of a generous *Century* crowded with fiction, art, essays, poetry, and humor. This October number is typical of the alert and forward policy of the magazine. In its long and glorious history, *The Century* has never been more acceptable to the readers of *Life*. It is "as good to read as Life" itself. In fact, the two magazines make a blend that appeals strongly to the adult American.

To demonstrate this fact, The Century Co., Union Square, New York, will send *The Century* for three months for fifty cents—in stamps, for instance,—to *Life* readers who act promptly.

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Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

to return, as there was no other train which would get me back before midnight. Now, sir, I am a pretty busy man. To spend five hours twice a week in order to pass thirty minutes in the presence of your charming daughter is not a paying proposition. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well. Now, you know the world moves. Some of the things which we do to-day would have shocked our grandparents. What I aim for is results. I believe it would be to your advantage to have me for a son-in-law, but I am too busy a man to achieve this distinction under present conditions."

"What do you propose?"

"I propose, however, to invite you and your family into the city and put you up at one of the best hotels for a long enough period, so that our courtship may take place under normal conditions—where I will not be switched off from some of the business deals I am engaged in at present. Time is money. Will you accept my proposition?"

"I shall be pleased to do so, provided, after looking you up, I find that you are all right in every respect."

"Very well, sir, consider the matter closed. Good morning."

THE SECOND INTERVIEW

(Two Months Later)

"Good morning, Mr. Whipley."

Mr. Connellton, entering young Mr. Whipley's office, shook hands with that gentleman rather gingerly and seated himself at the desk.

"You are aware," he said drily, "that I have taken my family back to the suburbs."

"Perfectly."

Mr. Whipley fingered his mail somewhat self-consciously, still there was a ring to his voice that showed determination. His would-be father-in-law of two months back gazed at him intently.

"You are aware of the proposition that you made to me in my office?" he said.

"Perfectly."

"It was, I believe, something like this: In the stress of the modern world you did not have time to take a long journey to court my daughter, and so you suggested that we should be your guests while the process was going on, thus saving a great deal of what otherwise would be lost motion. Am I correct?"

"You are, sir."

"Well, my daughter tells me that, while you have been studiously polite,



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To have a skin you can be proud of during the coming months you must remove the effects of summer exposure and restore your skin to its natural whiteness and texture.

Tonight, just before retiring, wash your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, using a stiff face brush or rough washcloth. Rinse, and rub the cake of Woodbury's itself over your face several times. Massage into the skin the soap thus left on the face and leave it on all night.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. The cleansing, whitening treatment with it gives nature just the aid it needs to restore the natural beauty of a sun-tanned skin. Use it persistently for a few weeks (stopping if your skin should become sensitive) and you will see a marked improvement.

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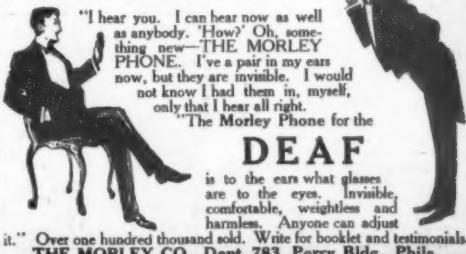
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In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., Dept. K-9, Perth, Ontario.



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there has been nothing doing, and I came here to find out what the matter was."

The younger man smiled.

"My dear sir," he replied, "you are a business man and so am I. There is nothing the matter, I assure you. The only trouble is that we all of us over-trained. I saw too much of your daughter."

The other man jumped up, his face beaming.

"Do you really mean that?" he said.

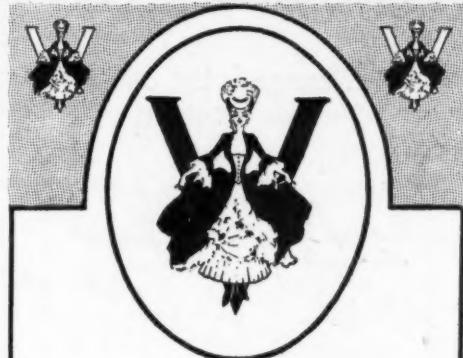
"I am obliged to confess that I do."

"Then, my dear boy, shake hands. This is a big relief. My daughter told me this morning that she was so heartily sick of you that she was afraid every minute you were going to propose. Won't you at least let me pay half of the expenses?"

His companion shook his head.

"Not much, sir," he said. "Just think of the money that this experiment has saved me!"

Addison Fox, Jr.



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"CHEW YOUR FOOD, DORIS, BEFORE YOU SWALLOW IT; YOUR STOMACH HASN'T TEETH TO CHEW WITH."

"MINE HAS. I SWALLOWED TWO LAST SUMMER."

A Dog Telephoned

A woman took her little brown cocker spaniel with her to call on a friend who lived a mile or so away. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and as soon her friend discovered him she did all she could to make him leave, without success.

Some hours passed and he was still there. So she telephoned to his mistress to let her know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said she. One of the boys held him, while another put the receiver to the dog's ear.

Then his mistress whistled and called, "Come home at once, Paddy!" Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed to the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterward arrived, panting, at home.—*The Spectator*.

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The Ridgway Company
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Everybody's for October at All Newsdealers Now

Rhymed Reviews

John Barleycorn

(By Jack London. *The Century Co.*)

I've signed the pledge! The oath I've sworn!

Through having read of brave Jack London,
And how he fought John Barleycorn
And by that fiend was nearly undone.

He (Jack, not John) thought whiskey rank;

He never liked the taste of liquor,
But since male persons always drank
When met to parley, sport or dicker,

He used to quaff, nor ever lag,
Before the bar where heroes mingle,
And get what lowbrows term “a jag”,
Or what he loves to call “a jingle”.

So, when he sailed the frothy seas
Or over cold Alaska hiked it,
Or slaved, or tramped, or wrote at ease,

He drank with men, but never liked it,

Till Barleycorn, the tyrant grim
(No tract is this nor Eddie Bok-tale),
Secured a hammer-lock on him
When first he sipped the subtle cocktail.

What strife he knew! what days of fear!

(Oh, no, he never had D. Tremens),
But Jack, you'll all be pleased to hear,
Has conquered Rum, that Worst of Demons.

I wish he didn't talk so much
About how big he is and “chesty”,
His great athletic feats and such!—
Besides, it makes me rather testy

To hear him blow about his boat—
How he can sail and steer and jib it.
And how he works the word “con-note”!
And how he sweats the word “inhibit”!

Yet Jack is right, I must declare:
Young men don't care for liquor,
bless them!
They drink because the stuff is there;
Saloons and Custom coax and press them.

Then, down with Rum!—and Whiskey,
too.

And when I find I need a mission
And haven't other things to do
I'm going in for Prohibition.

Arthur Guiterman.

Dralle

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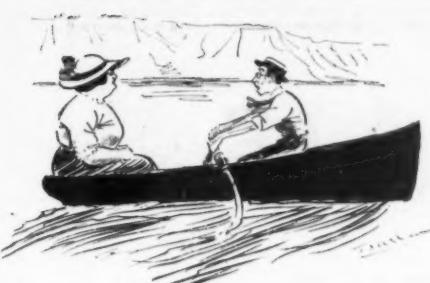
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Stewart Hartshorn



THE END OF A RO(W)MANCE

The War to End Cancer

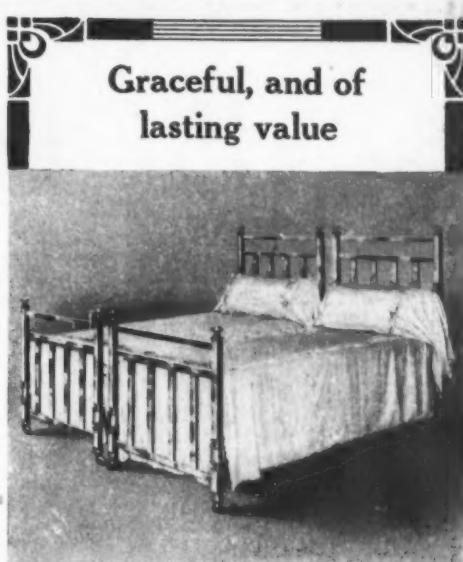
"An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of 'cure.'

Notwithstanding the many sure cures for cancer that have given the "discoverers," Drs. Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson, some free advertising, it seems that it is, after all, necessary for the medical profession to institute a "war to end cancer," as is now announced. This movement, by the way, is in the hands of the same officials that are enforcing compulsory vaccination.

Think of that, and then think of this: Dr. Robert Bell, of London, Eng., a veteran physician of forty-three years of active practise, eminent in the profession and successful in the treatment of cancer, declares that the conviction has grown upon him, as the result of careful research, that the great increase of cancer of late years is the result chiefly of the almost universal vaccination. Dr. Bell declares that this contamination of the blood so affects the system that the victims are likely to develop cancer in after years from any chance cut or bruise.

But is it not a brutal shame, the infliction of pain and inconvenience, with an occasional fatality directly following vaccination, and all at the cost of millions of the people's cash in payment for the outrage, with absolutely no slightest compensating influence; and then, on top of all, to think that the medical profession are thereby promoting a terrible disease on which they are to make war!

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.



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October

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Its Life History narrated by
**Theodore
 Roosevelt**

With Pictures of Living Elephants and Drawings by Philip R. Goodwin

The New Republic: Some Impressions of a Portuguese Tour, by Charles Lincoln Freeston, F.R.G.S. Author of "The High-Roads of the Alps," etc.

The Man Behind the Bars,
 by Winifred Louise Taylor

A first-hand record, by one who has helped them, of the human side of prisoners, and of the effects of prison life.

Pictures by A. B. Frost
 and Guy Rose accompanying an article on
 Trout-fishing in Normandy

The New Revolt Against Broadway, by John Corbin

The Drama League's efforts to raise the standard of the theatre

Good Short Stories	By Katharine Fullerton Gerould Barry Benefield Simeon Strunsky
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